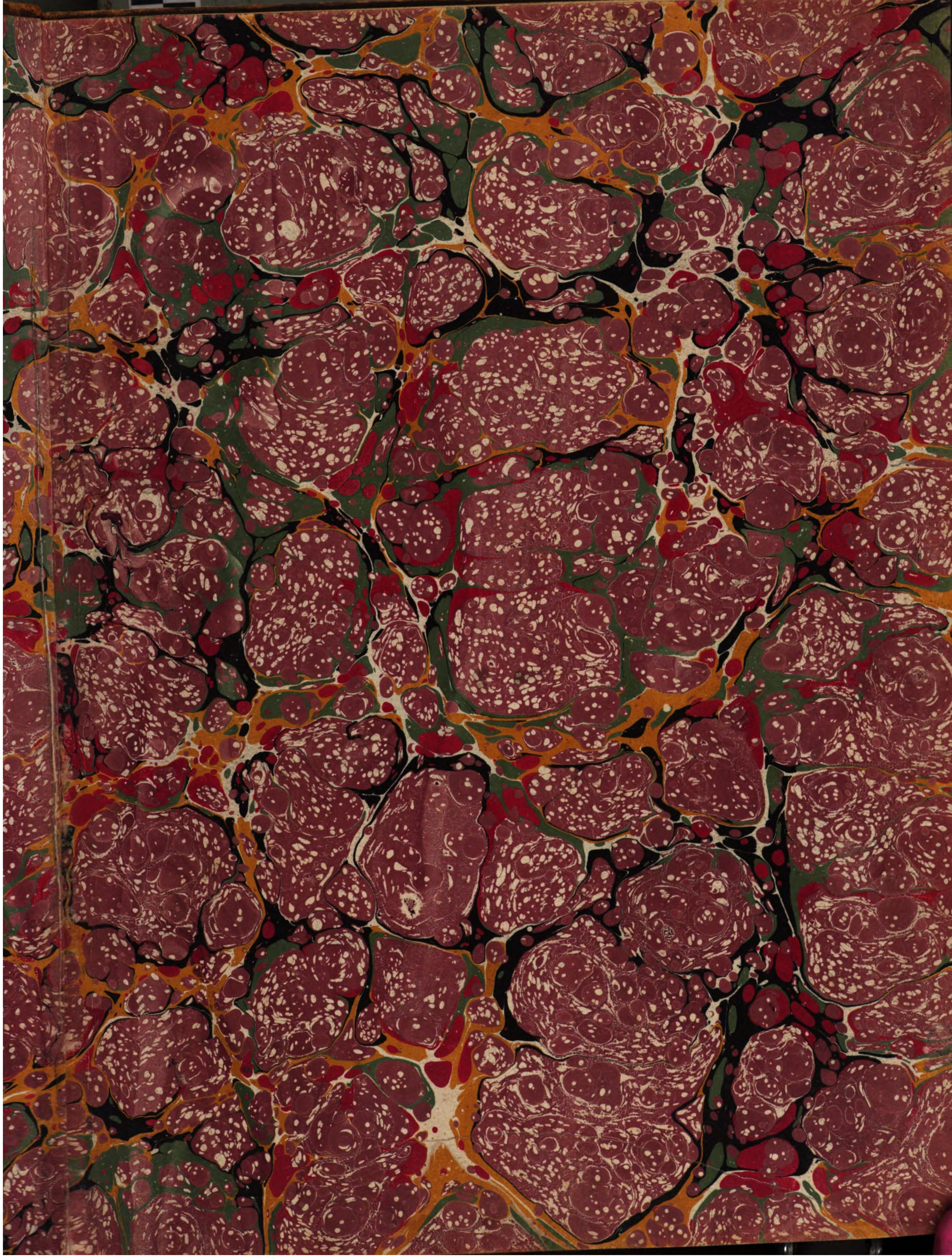


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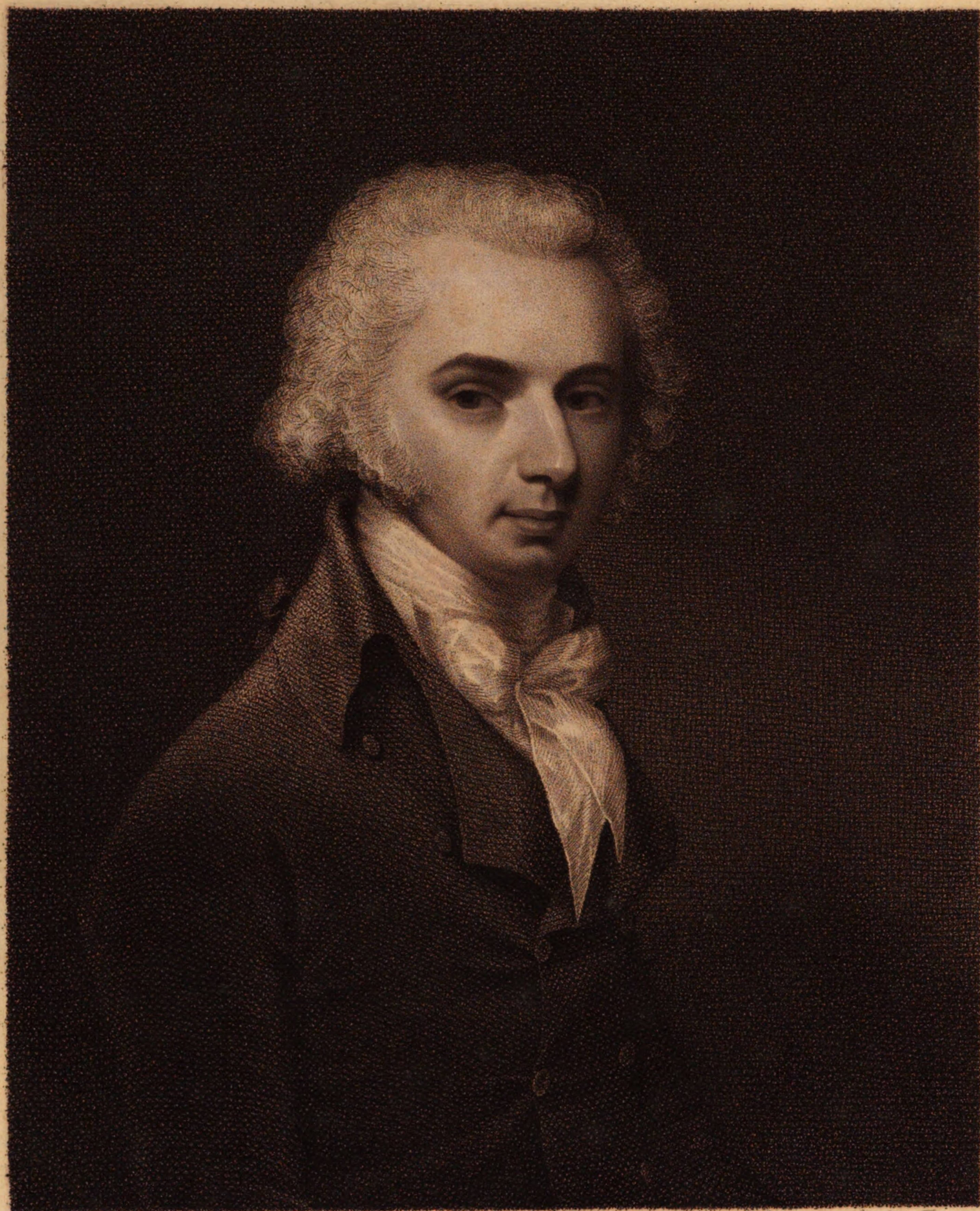
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THE
SOVEREIGN

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SOVEREIGN.

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CHARLES SMALL PYBUS ESQ^{RE}
One of the Right Hon^{ble} the Lords Commissioners of
His Majesty's Treasury, and
REPRESENTATIVE in PARLIAMENT for the TOWN and PORT of DOVER.



THE
SOVEREIGN.

ADDRESSED TO
HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY
PAUL
Emperour of all the Russias.

BY
CHARLES SMALL PYBUS, M. P.

One of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury.

LONDON:
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MDCCC.

THE
SOVEREIGN
THE KING
THE
SIR

ALTHOUGH the following
is addressed to the sovereign of the
Empire of all the Russias
Russian Empire, the author yet hopes that
your Majesty will be graciously pleased to
accept it from one of the most affectionate of
your subjects
Inasmuch as such an application may at
first appear to require to believe that it can be
justified under the peculiar circumstances
of the case. The same private virtues; the

TO
THE KING.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH the following epistle is addressed to the Sovereign of the Russian Empire, the author yet hopes that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to accept it from one of the most affectionate of your subjects.

Inconsistent as such an application may at first appear, he ventures to believe that it can be fully justified under the peculiar circumstances of the case. The same private virtues; the

same anxious zeal for their people's welfare; the same benevolent protection of those, whose religion and loyalty have exposed them to the most unrelenting persecution; the same glorious exertion for the liberties of Europe and general happiness of mankind; have eminently distinguished the Monarchs of the two countries, so honourably allied. But there is still another consideration, which seems to give this poem, with all the imperfection belonging to it, something like a claim to your Majesty's indulgence. He, who has been long accustomed to the finest models, acquires a true relish and taste for the beauties of Art: he is instantly struck with excellence of composition; and feels delighted at such exquisite touches, as either escape the notice, or make

less impression upon the minds of those, who have not enjoyed the advantages of frequent observation and experience. By a similar process it is, that your Majesty may really be said to have occasioned the following address; as the author would probably have been less captivated with the character of a foreign Prince, if his sentiments had not been habitually formed under the influence of that example, which is the pride and ornament of the British Throne.

Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia,

RES ITALAS ARMIS TUTERIS;

..... in publica commoda peccem,

Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, CÆSAR.

THE SOVEREIGN



P.L.L.

THE
SOVEREIGN.

O THOU, great Monarch of a pow'rful reign,
That more than doubles Europe's whole domain!
Whom larger empires own their sov'reign lord,
Than bow'd before the Macedonian sword,
Or gaz'd with trembling at the awful height
Of Rome's proud eagle in her utmost flight!

Say, can the sceptre's blaze, the golden globe,
The brilliant diadem, the gorgeous robe,
The courtly pageant, and the splendid train;
The strength of navies riding on the main,
The iron frontier, the embattled coast,
The waving banner, and the glitt'ring host;
The dread salute of cannon thund'ring loud,
The prostrate homage of a suppliant crowd;
Can all the pomp of pow'r and wealth combin'd
Raise up one genuine transport in the mind,
With balmy soothings tranquilize the breast,
Or give the slumbers of contented rest?
No: none of these can smooth the troubled frown,
Or lull the cares that lurk beneath a crown:
Weak in themselves alone, their rays dispense
Fallacious seemings to the outward sense:
Their mental influence depends on this;
Are these the object, or the means of bliss?

But happy they, thrice happy, who profess
Their greatest blessing is the pow'r to bless,
Delight in mercy, study to be just,
And hold their sceptre as a sacred trust;
Not as the tyrant's persecuting rod,
But as the gracious instrument of God.
Where can ambition find so sure a way
To change a partial into gen'ral sway?
For when the duties of his high estate
Fill all his thoughts, his actions regulate,
Like him, whose worth adorns his Albion's throne,
The monarch reigns in realms beyond his own:
Through foreign latitudes his pow'r extends,
And only terminates where virtue ends:
From ev'ry clime exulting millions pour
Their golden praise: his cumulating store
Swells with the best of wealth; and hourly draws
The countless tribute of a world's applause.

Hail then, exalted Prince, whose high renown
 Adds a new jewel to the Russian crown!
 Imperial Sov'reign, hail! nor thou refuse
 This cordial off'ring from an English Muse,
 Who free from dread, from adulation free,
 Beholds that Monarch realiz'd in thee,
 Lifts up the voice of truth, and sings from far
 The blest descendant of the mighty Czar.

O! who can hear unmov'd that glorious name,
 Nor feel the bosom burn with nobler flame?
 Yet when reflection views his lofty mind
 Soaring above the range of human kind;
 When the slow work of centuries appears
 Compress'd within a few revolving years;
 From rapt amaze to hesitation tost,
 We scarcely credit what delights us most:
 As if by fancy led our thoughts advance,
 And sober hist'ry looks like gay romance.

Lo! where immers'd in fog and vapours damp,
The doubtful Neva glides through yonder swamp,
Widely insinuates its diluent flood,
And hides its margin in a waste of mud,
Where land and water hold a middle state,
Nor fluid this appears, nor solid that;
And in their oozy bed of shelt'ring reeds,
The screaming fowl or slimy reptile breeds.
But mark that gallant youth of royal mien,
Whose sov'reign FIAT animates the scene!
As if enchantment wav'd her plastick wand,
The dismal prospect cheers at his command:
His nod the blended elements obey,
And yielding nature seems to own his sway.
The channell'd river now remotely drains
Redundant moisture through a thousand veins:
Recover'd earth enjoys the new retreat,
And echoes to the tread of human feet;

While man's glad voice, in busy murmurs heard,
Succeeds the wailing of the clam'rous bird.
But wheresoe'er the fascinated eyes
Their vision turn, fresh prodigies arise:
Capacious streets in lengthen'd order run;
Domes, spires, and turrets glitter in the sun;
And lofty palaces of state, that far
Extend their fronts; and arsenals of war;
And wealthy quays; and many a structure more,
Form a vast city on the peopled shore.
But e'en beyond the shore his powers range,
And the gulf emulates the wond'rous change.
Where navigation's arts had never spread,
The floating bulwark rears its tow'ring head;
Unnumber'd vessels hoist the teeming sail,
Or ply the oar, or catch the shifting gale,
Or with profounder keels the ocean brave,
Dash the white foam, and seek the Baltick wave.

These are his mighty works; nor these alone:
 Superiour still his vast achievements shone:
 His genius drew, his skill perform'd a plan
 Of nobler purpose, and the plot was man.
 Within the bounds of discipline to keep
 Unruly passions, that were us'd to sweep
 With wide disorder, whelming, unconfin'd;
 Of stagnant prejudice to drain the mind;
 With clear discernment's steady hand to trace
 Decided outlines of improvement's base;
 Firm against bigotry's contending storm,
 To raise the solid fabrick of reform,
 With polish'd ornaments of reason grac'd;
 The column's height in social order plac'd;
 And on the labour'd capitals of art,
 Enrich'd with all that science could impart,
 The bold entablature and dome to raise
 Of swelling glory and his country's praise.

To God, who station'd him in fortune's ranks,
 Let man, by active conduct, prove his thanks.
 Whether o'er kingdoms his commanding eye
 Look from the pinnacle of sov'reignty;
 Or only rais'd upon the portly style,
 He take his stand in elevation's pile;
 Or humbler still, he occupy a place
 One single step above its lowest base;
 Where-e'er his posture, let him ask of Sense
 What was the aim of gracious Providence.
 'Twas not reward; for that implies desert:
 And grandeur's embryon heir, as yet inert,
 Can lay no claim to merit. Was it then,
 For the mere pleasure and delight of men?
 In this at least, although it was not giv'n
 For us to scan the mysteries of Heav'n,
 We may, with confidence of truth, maintain
 'Tis not so blind, so bountiful in vain.

Far diff'rent were the ends it had in view;
In giving rank, it gave us duties too;
Duties, demanded by each passing hour,
And rising in the scale with wealth and pow'r;
But there is none perhaps amongst them all,
For which the social claims more loudly call,
Than that, which universally succeeds,
And strengthens precept by the force of deeds.
Example is the source of gen'rous strife;
Example is the talisman of life;
Nor could the fancied pow'r of spells invent
So strong a charm, so near omnipotent.
By this, the champion of the Russian state
Burst superstition's adamant gate,
Pierc'd through the gloomy dungeon, where, confin'd
By sloth gigantick, lay the grov'ling mind,
Releas'd it from the weight of barb'rous chains,
And led it to improvement's happy plains,

Where heav'nly science strews her choicest flow'rs,
 And busy art weaves amaranthine bow'rs;
 Whilst the dark battlements and canker'd wall
 Shake from their utmost depth, and mould'ring fall.

That same example for his country's good,
 From which, in ecstasy of gratitude,
 So many millions on the peopled earth
 Their various blessings, of a size and worth
 Beyond the sphere of calculation, date,
 May prove decisive too of Europe's fate.
 Europe, whose loyal sons for freedom strive,
 Her preservation may perhaps derive,
 In this important and momentous day,
 From him, whose primal care had pav'd the way
 For what his empire's arms have since attain'd,
 The splendid battles, that they since have gain'd.
 For when he saw his wild and num'rous hordes
 Dispers'd and routed by the scanty swords

Of warlike discipline, his gallant thought
 Improv'd the knowledge by disasters bought,
 Extracted profit from misfortune's harms,
 And taught to vanquish by congenial arms.
 Commander absolute of all his bands,
 He gave his truncheon into older hands,
 By due gradation rose, and firmly shew'd,
 Merit, and merit only was the road
 To high advancement. Thus, from off the ground
 When rank ascends the ladder round by round;
 When the fierce soldier views, with glowing pride,
 His lawful Sov'reign marching by his side;
 By birth his General, his mate by choice;
 Shame drowns the clamours of vexation's voice,
 And mean complaint and jealous discord fly,
 Nor panting labour dares to breathe a sigh.
 Fir'd by a soul like this, that scorns to yield,
 The young Antæus sprang from Narva's field;

His bosom with redoubled ardour beat;
 His arm acquiring vigour from defeat;
 Till at Pultava ceas'd the parallel,
 And Sweden's fam'd Alcides conquer'd fell.

But do we wonder that these noble deeds
 Should follow in the track where virtue leads;
 Such publick virtue as pursu'd a road
 Of heavier toil than ever patriot trod,
 And rocky steeps of greater height achiev'd,
 Than monarchs e'er essay'd, or man conceived?
 Knows not the florist well, whose costly taste
 Would royal ransoms prodigally waste
 In eager purchase of the bulbous prize,
 That, matchless in its form, the flow'r shall rise,
 Which, by the legend of Ovidian tales,
 In plaintive syllables the fate bewails
 Of him, whose giant arm afflicted Troy,
 The bleeding Ajax, and Oebalian boy?

Nor less assur'd was that transcendent fruit,
Which bloom'd and ripen'd from the patriot root;
Nor less the nature of his future course,
Whose actions flow'd from so divine a source.
For who, like him, to wide dominion born,
Supreme in pow'r, and scarce in manhood's morn;
Whom splendour, state, and pleasure fail'd to please;
Who fled from luxury, abandon'd ease;
In meek apparel sought a foreign shore,
Refinement, arts, and science to explore;
Content the low mechanick's lot to share,
The same his labour, and the same his fare,
That Russia might abound in wealth unknown,
And Europe's proudest talents make her own?
Who, though propitious fate had smiling bound
His youthful temples with the golden round,
Remov'd the glitt'ring jewel from his hair,
And scorn'd its envied dignity to bear,

Till conscious merit should the gift bestow,
And fame replace it on his toiling brow?
There have indeed, at various times, been those,
Who press'd by foreign or domestick foes,
And anxious to avert impending fate,
Have stoop'd, in terrour of a rival's hate,
From their own fronts the diadem to tear,
And shrunk from honours, that they fear'd to wear.
There have been even those, whose able hand
Could greatly wield the sceptre of command,
Who yet, dishearten'd at the cares that wait
Round gilded palaces and courts of state,
Threw off the purple of imperial Rome,
Or sought the cloister's melancholy gloom;
Resign'd without a sigh, dominion, pelf,
Command and title—but their end was self;
Bidding their publick toil and labours cease,
They studied private comfort, ease, and peace.

And thus, howe'er we dignify the name,
 Life's ruling principle is still the same.
 The learn'd historian of the coming age
 With fresh examples may adorn his page;
 May of some future Diocletian tell,
 Some future Charles within a convent's cell;
 But never can the world expect again
 A reigning PETER's abdicated reign.

Illustrious shade! O! could thy soul infuse
 Its faint resemblance in the anxious Muse,
 Then, in sublimer song her voice should raise
 Strains less unequal to her Hero's praise.
 But what at last avails the poet's fire?
 Vain are his honours, and his boasted lyre:
 Vain is the laurel that adorns his brow:
 Vain are his numbers: nor can all bestow,
 But from their deathless theme alone receive
 The fame, not e'en Mæonides could give.

Since then, establish'd glory thus defies
 The pow'r of poesy, that never dies;
 How much more vain are offerings alone
 Compos'd of perishable brass and stone,
 Though quarries were consum'd and millions spent,
 When the whole empire forms one monument?

And thou, ill-fated Prince, whom discord gave
 An early victim to misfortune's grave,
 Whate'er thy frailties were, (and, who has none?)
 Amply thy greater virtues shall atone,
 Whose heralds on the wings of mercy crost
 The trackless deserts of Siberian frost.
 Thee, coward cruelty in horrors dight,
 And mean suspicion that avoids the light,
 And persecution with tormenting flame,
 Shall ever execrate, and hate thy name;
 While freedom's gratitude and pity's tear
 Shall drop a tribute on thy mournful bier.

But Heaven will'd! nor let thy realms deplore
 The mix'd event, that left one PETER more:
 Yes! though a woman left; whose genius shone
 With Czarian lustre on the Czarian throne;
 And in whose manly reign amazement saw
 The bitt'rest comment on the Salick law.
 Her acts of publick zeal it well becomes
 Historick care to mark in pond'rous tomes;
 But where is he, the ablest bards among,
 Who hopes to name them in the space of song?
 Vain were the task: nor thou, great Sov'reign, fear
 The Muse shall trespass on thy patient ear
 In weak attempts their bearings to rehearse,
 Though filial fondness might endure the verse:
 Nor can she deem it meet; for should as high
 As Pelion pil'd on Ossa volumes lie,
 And cloud-capp'd heaps of panegyrick raise,
 This couplet would contain their sum of praise;

“ The Czar’s example was her constant aim;

“ Her deeds were equal, equal is her fame.”

O ye! who know the luxury to trace

The mute entreaties of your infant race;

Their little tearful sorrows to beguile

With soothings bland, and raise the cheering smile;

Feel how the claims of their dependent state

Encrease your love, and stronger ties create:

Ye best can estimate those pleasing chains,

Which bind the subject and the Prince who reigns;

That bliss, with which his people’s can inspire

The fost’ring bosom of a gen’ral Sire.

Hail! envied pow’rs of eminence supreme!

For what ye may be, not for what ye seem:

Not for the stately robe, and outward glare,

That often fold about an heart of care;

But for the greater means that ye possess

Of gaining, by imparting happiness.

What sweet beatitudes his thought employ,
 Who springs the fountain of his country's joy!
 Can pow'r and wealth such cordial transports bring,
 As happy subjects to their parent King;
 Or all the annals of the world evince
 A name more godlike than a patriot Prince?

Yes! there may be; and thanks to Heaven's care,
 England and Russia shew us that there are;
 There are those princely bosoms, that can feel
 The warmest passion for their country's weal,
 With Roman ardour burn, and plainly prove
 Their fav'rite object is their people's love:
 But still, unbounded by that narrow space,
 Their sphere of action is the human race;
 And their hearts kindle with a gen'rous flame,
 Beyond the lustre of a patriot's name.

Blest emanation from the Light divine!
 Most pure and holy WORD! compar'd with thine,

How dim the moral code, the boasted rules
Of proud philosophy's deluded schools!
With thee, no precepts false like meteors glare;
No selfish deeds the mask of virtue wear;
No partial charity thy laws approve,
But all inculcate universal love.
Not but the social ties that dearly bind,
Twine round the breast, and couple mind to mind;
The mutual benefits of friendship's balm,
That raise to gladness, or with comfort calm;
The spirits eager for our country's good,
And prompt to guard it with our dying blood;
The sweet solicitude and raptures mild
Of parents bending o'er their helpless child;
And that fond reverence and grateful pray'r,
With which the child rewards a parent's care;
Emotions, that to charm our life were giv'n,
Must surely be approv'd by bounteous Heav'n.

With these strong passions, that our nature grace,
 Rush on the heart, and seize the foremost place,
 Our duties may begin; but cannot end:
 Man is our parent, children, country, friend;
 And charity is cold, and virtue small,
 When what a few partake, belongs to all.

Yet not for thee, great Prince, can reason deem
 These lines important to the sacred theme;
 Or wish by length of argument to press
 The proof of doctrines, that thy deeds confess:
 Confess, encourage; and this truth reveal,
 That he will act the best, who best can feel.
 But there are feelings far beyond the reach
 Of all the noblest faculties of speech;
 And Greece and Rome must silently submit,
 Nor e'en for once avail the pow'rs of PITT.
 For what descriptive talents can impart
 The sweet emotions of a grateful heart;

The tender sensibility of soul,
That of two bosoms forms one perfect whole;
Or that keen anguish, when, asunder torn,
One bleeding bosom does its partner mourn?
How poor is language, eloquence how mean!
What pen can write, or pencil paint the scene,
The solemn scene, where, on the bed of death,
Thy mental guardian yielded up his breath?
How did thy tears in streams of sorrow flow!
How was thy soul, with agony of woe,
In dreadful, speechless expectation hung,
As the last accents falter'd on his tongue!
That tongue, which once, alas! sublimely taught
The lore of ages to thy infant thought.
How did thy quiv'ring lips impress the hand,
That pointed out the course of wise command,
Shew'd thee where honour lay, and mark'd the road,
Winding by steep ascent to glory's bright abode!

But now, from sorrow's dismal haunts, the Muse
 To fields of bright'ning joy her way pursues:
 From pangs of writhing death, and throbs that grieve,
 To happier cares, that bid the dying live,
 Bind up the wounds from persecution's dart,
 Pour the mild balm of comfort on the heart,
 And raise the mansions of returning bliss
 For tortur'd virtue, in PETROPOLIS.
 There, fam'd for gallant deeds through ages past,
 Unconquer'd Malta, though betray'd at last,
 Beholds the honours of her Cross restor'd,
 And thanks her injuries for a worthier Lord.
 To splendid wealth, to royal titles born,
 Yet of that wealth despoil'd, those titles shorn,
 By Gallia's malice destin'd to despair,
 The wretched wand'rer finds his palace there.
 Robb'd of their native soil, and banish'd thence,
 What numbers expiate the dire offence,

That in the lapse of time their rank had stood,
 In purer streams had flow'd their noble blood,
 Or that, unconscious of the joys that spring
 From hellish treason, they had lov'd their King!
 But e'en oppression must have spar'd at least,
 The lowly meekness of the peaceful Priest?
 Of him? O no! convicted of the crime
 Of fearing God in majesty sublime,
 His holy garb, and innocence create
 Th' apostate furies of a Demon's hate.
 Turn'd out to beg or starve, to thee they roam,
 And gain the comforts of a second home.

Here let the Muse, how weak soe'er the lay,
 One heartfelt tribute to her country pay;
 And while St. Vincent's Cape, the grave of Spain;
 The subject billows of the Gallick main;
 The shores of Camperdown; the mouths of Nile;
 Quake at the thunders of her warlike isle,

Proclaim her Navy's valour, and bestow
 The meed of conquest on Britannia's brow;
 Let myriads exil'd from an impious coast,
 Who bless her bounty for the means they lost;
 Let princely Orange, Bourbon's royal line,
 The blooming wreaths of gratitude entwine,
 And virtue's garland to the laurel join.

Meek-ey'd Compassion, favourite of Heav'n!
 By beaming cherubin of mercy driv'n,
 May the mild radiance of thy silver car
 Shine ever foremost in the ranks of war:
 So shall the gen'rous tear, at thy behest,
 Melt the stern nature of the warriour's breast,
 Snatch'd from the jaws of death, the victim save,
 And pity heal the wounds that valour gave.

Can arms and pity then, together move:
 The savage vulture, and the tender dove?

Say rather, Who could real pity feel,
Nor instant brandish his avenging steel,
When to the rav'nous wolf a bleeding prey,
Mangled and torn the trembling entrails lay.
What man of justice could have tamely staid
Whilst robbers exercis'd their barb'rous trade?
What man of feeling could have calmly stood
To see the murd'rer bathe his hands in blood?
What man of faith in God had felt unmov'd
Whilst atheists trampled on the shrine he lov'd?
What human breast could hold an heart of stone,
When robber, murd'rer, atheist, all were one?
Avaunt! then, base hypocrisy, that fain
Would shelter vice, and render virtue vain:
'Tis pity's self that fights in such a cause;
'Tis cruelty that makes a coward's pause;
For this, the falchion in its scabbard sleeps,
For that, the falchion from its scabbard leaps.

For that, in dread array have issu'd forth
The valiant legions of the hardy North;
The Russian eagle's double crest they bear,
An emblem of their Monarch's twofold care,
That fondly hovers o'er its subject brood,
Yet looks beyond it to the gen'ral good.
No private interest, no point of state,
Engender'd strife, and urg'd the fierce debate;
E'en Gallick rapine stalking from afar,
With arm'd incursion had not forc'd the war:
Safe on his distant throne he firmly sat,
Secure from Naples or Sardinia's fate,
Nor in one ruin, curs'd the treach'rous kiss
With plunder'd Holland and the bleeding Swiss:
For Nature in her map had kinder been,
Had kingdoms spread, and oceans roll'd between;
And had these fail'd impediments to prove,
He held a barrier in his country's love.

As from the eastern wilds and deserts vast,
 The noisome Pestilence bestrides the blast,
 And from the flapping of its gloomy wings,
 The parching blight and dire contagion flings;
 Around, the wholesome air infecting, lours
 The million swarms, that darken and devour,
 Whilst from the volumes of its pois'nous breath,
 Pale famine issues, and disease, and death:
 Creation groans beneath its fatal reign,
 And fev'rish Nature burns through ev'ry vein.
 So from the confines of her darling France,
 Behold the fiend of Anarchy advance
 Hors'd on the howling storm; her pinions soar,
 And desolation shake from plumes of gore.
 Sprung from her impious womb, a restless crowd,
 Obscuring reason with delusion's cloud,
 Eager for constant spoil, on rapine feed,
 And only live by making others bleed.

Where-e'er her voice is heard, the famish'd brain
 Longs for content and joy, and longs in vain;
 Through ev'ry nerve envenom'd passions dart,
 Consuming envy gnaws upon the heart,
 Ensanguin'd slaughter prowls for human food,
 And pants with raging thirst for Monarch's blood:
 All publick happiness in ruin lies,
 And social comfort languishes and dies.

Lo! where in token of her baneful gripe,
 Signal of mischief, flares the triple stripe;
 Deriding sacred Heav'n, it flouts the sky,
 And freedom taunts with cruel mockery.
 Uprearing it aloft, th' insatiate brood
 With greedy prows invade the swelling flood,
 And madd'ning with the lust of plunder, rave
 For conquest on the sea's allotted wave.
 Where, when the gath'ring host Britannia saw,
 Whose trident is supreme, and will is law,

She bade the thunders of her Navy roar,
And from her empire drive them back to shore.
There with malicious hate their fury spread;
Wide and more wide surrounding nations bled,
Deplor'd their treasure lost, as vassals moan'd,
And half convuls'd in torments Europe groan'd.
And more had suffer'd yet; but, at thy word,
Vengeance unsheath'd her formidable sword;
When straight the lawless bands, aghast, dismay'd,
Fell back astounded at the flaming blade.
Italia too, that erst had rul'd the world,
From her last, peaceful throne to bondage hurl'd,
Wept o'er her sons by worse than Vandals slain,
And in deep anguish dragg'd a tyrant's chain;
Till to her aid thy conqu'ring eagles flown,
Rivall'd those talons, that were once her own,
And on the quarry swooping from above,
Pounc'd like the thunder-bearing bird of fabled Jove.

Proceed, great Prince! thy country's, Europe's pride!
 Proceed! and stop the overwhelming tide,
 That breaks down order's, reason's, virtue's mound,
 Levels the pile of ages with the ground,
 Sweeps off morality, nor leaves a trace,
 But tears up Christian worship from its base.
 Could thy great Ancestor's exalted shade,
 Once more embodied, see the works he made,
 How would his breast with exultation swell,
 To view that empire, that he lov'd so well,
 No longer struggling in its infant need
 For hard existence with the neighb'ring Swede,
 But, in the plenitude of strength, become
 The distant champion of degraded Rome:
 Those nerves of warlike brace, to which belongs
 The rod of vengeance for Italia's wrongs;
 That arm, for which imploring nations cry
 To turn the scale of Europe's destiny!

How would his eager sight with rapture swim,
Nor wonder less at Thee, than we at Him!

Thus, when entranc'd by intellectual light
The Czarian Empire lay, with glorious light
Immortal PETER rose—and now, where late,
The dark horizon of a slumb'ring state,
In cold privation of improvement's morn,
Was wrapt in mists of prejudice and scorn,
The dawn of science gleam'd; its warmth began,
And rous'd the dormant faculties of man.
The torpid soul, that indolent and slow,
With icy current hardly seem'd to flow;
The pulse of reason, that devoid of heat,
In feeble motion stirr'd, nor seem'd to beat;
The heart of glory, that oppress'd by pride,
Had never throbb'd with emulation's tide;
Felt the mild influence of the genial ray,
And rose in vigour with the rising day.

Call'd into action thus, the gen'ral frame
Throve with new energies, and grew in fame;
And still has grown and strengthen'd, as the Sun
Of Russia's Majesty his course has run,
Till at the last, in these auspicious days,
Its prime denotes the zenith of his rays,
The full resplendent orb of PAUL's meridian blaze.

NOTES.

NOTES.

The blest descendant of the mighty Czar.

P. 12, l. 8.

The present Emperour, Paul Petrovitch, is the son of the late Emperour Peter III. and Empress Catharine II; and grandson of Anna Petrouna,^a daughter of the Czar Peter, justly surnamed the Great. He was the first Sovereign of Russia, who bore the title of Emperour; but is more generally distinguished by the emphatical appellation of THE CZAR.

The doubtful Neva glides through yonder swamp.

P. 13, l. 2.

When we consider the actual state of the extensive and populous city of St. Petersburg, it seems hardly credible that there should not have been a stone of it placed till within the present century: yet nothing is more true. In the year 1703 the Czar laid its first foundation in a vast morass, formed by the overflowing of the Neva, at its junction with the gulf of Finland.

Nor fluid this appears, nor solid that.

P. 13, l. 6.

“ Sic erat instabilis tellus, innabilis unda.” Ovid. Met. lib. i. 16.

^a Anna Petrouna was the eldest daughter of the Czar Peter by his second wife Catharine I, and was married in 1725 to Charles Frederick, Duke of Holstein Gottorp, by whom she was mother of the late Emperour Peter III. She died at Kiel 1728, in the 22d year of her age, and her remains are deposited in the Cathedral of St. Petersburg. This amiable Princess was possessed of uncommon beauty and accomplishments. “ De pied en cap, l'envie n'y pouvoit trouver aucun défaut. Avec cela un jugement pénétrant, une vraie candeur, et bonté de caractere; liberale, et magnifique, tres bien instruite, parlant élégamment sa langue maternelle, le Francois, l'Allemand, l'Italien, et le Suedois.” Bassewitz in Busching's Hist. Mag. IX. p. 371.

Where navigation's arts had never spread. P. 14, l. 13.

“ Nothing can convey an higher idea of the vast abilities and persevering genius of Peter the Great, than the situation, in which he found the Russian navy, and the state in which he left it. Though in the beginning of his reign he *did not possess a single ship in the Baltick*; yet in the course of a few years he equipped a fleet of fifty sail of the line, which rode mistress of that ^b sea.” The Russian Navy is indebted for its creation to the accidental circumstance of the Czar’s having seen, about the year 1621, a small deserted vessel,^c the unusual construction of which attracted his notice. Upon being told that it was built in that manner for the double purpose of sailing and rowing, and to enable it to go against the wind, he resolved to have ocular proof that these objects were really practicable, and gave orders that the vessel should be immediately repaired. This was accordingly done; and he was equally astonished and delighted when he saw the facility, with which they were accomplished. He soon afterwards ordered Brandt, the shipwright, who had refitted it for this experiment, to build him a yacht, and some vessels for carrying cannon; and by the Czar’s unremitting zeal and personal superintendence, this little fleet was so much increased, that in the spring of 1696 he attacked Azoph with two men of war, twenty-three gallies, two galleots, and four fire-ships.^d The vessel, which first excited his curiosity, and was the cause of those astonishing exertions, from which Russia has derived her present power and consequence amongst the nations of Europe, was transported in 1723 from Moscow to St. Petersburg; where it was solemnly consecrated under the appellation of *The Little Grandsire*; and now remains, within a building constructed for its preservation, an object of very natural reverence in an Empire, to the glory of which it had so essentially and rapidly conducted.

^b Coxe’s Travels into Russia, Vol. II. 226.

^c Voltaire calls it *une petite chaloupe Anglaise*: L’Evesque, upon the authority of Prince Sherebatoff (who published some notes to an history of the Czar, first printed at Venice) does the same. The diary of General Gordon, a Scotchman, who had entered into the Russian service, and became a great favourite with the Czar, asserts that it was originally built by Brandt, the same person, who afterwards repaired it; and Coxe considers this latter authority as decisive upon the point; which, after all, does not seem to be worth disputing about.

^d Coxe’s Travels into Russia, Vol. II. p. 527.

These are his mighty works; nor these alone. P. 15, l. 1.

The attempt to specify the several instances of improvement and cultivation here briefly alluded to, would swell this note into volumes: the reader can alone obtain satisfactory information upon these points by consulting the professed historians of his reign.

Or only rais'd upon the portly style. P. 16, l. 5.

It is hardly necessary perhaps to remark, that the word *style* is here used to signify *column*, as in its compound *peristyle*.

He gave his truncheon into older hands. P. 19, l. 6.

Propriety is a thing so relative in it's nature, and so much the creature of circumstance, that the same conduct might not be desirable in a well regulated government; and yet produce the happiest effects in an empire, where civilization was merely in its infancy. How supremely fortunate was Russia, that amongst the many millions, which formed its population, the individual, whose mind was most sensible of the advantages of order, science, and polished life, should happen to be the very person, by whose single influence they were more attainable within a few years, than they could otherwise have been by the combined efforts of thousands in the course of centuries! Perceiving that his empire must have been perpetually liable to the ravages of an enemy, less formidable from its numbers than its discipline, unless he could introduce a system of strict attention and subordination amongst his troops; it was one of his earliest cares to accomplish this important object, and to reconcile his nobility to those regulations, without which it never could have been realized. He resolved therefore to set the example, by resigning the command of his navy and army to persons of greater experience than himself; and he actually began his military career by *serving in the ranks*. At the two sieges of Azoph in 1695 and 1696, he acted only as a volunteer; and when, after the conquest of that place, his victorious troops entered Moscow in triumph, he walked after his officers in the procession, alleging that "he had not yet arrived at any rank in the army." In pro-

cess of time he became a Lieutenant of Bombardiers under Menzikoff: he was a Captain under the command of Sheremetoff at the taking of the fortress of Nianz, or Nya, in 1703; and for his personal valour upon that occasion, in attacking, and gaining possession of two Swedish vessels, it appears from his own journal that *this captain of bombardiers was created a Knight of the Order of St. Andrew, by Admiral Golovin, the first knight of that order*; which had been instituted a few years before by the Czar himself. At the battle of Pultava he had risen to the rank of Major General. His promotion in the naval service was equally gradual and progressive. See Voltaire, and the other historians of his reign.

The young Antæus sprang from Narva's field. P. 19, l. 18.

The King of Sweden, Charles XII. had only ten pieces of cannon, and less than nine thousand men, at the battle of Narva: yet with this small force he attacked and completely defeated the Russian army, which, according to all the relations of that time, possessed one hundred and forty pieces of cannon, and amounted to eighty thousand men. The confusion and slaughter amongst the Russians were immense; and thirty thousand laid down their arms to an army of less than eight thousand. So little are numbers to be relied upon when opposed to discipline! The Czar had in fact left the army a few days before, and was not an eye-witness of this disastrous battle: but in estimating the resources and constancy of a sovereign's mind, it is of little consequence whether he was, or not, upon the spot, when his military force received a blow, from which it seemed almost impossible that it should ever afterwards recover itself. "I know very well," said the Czar, "that the Swedes will long be superiour to us, but they will teach us to beat them at last."

Till at Pultava ceas'd the parallel. P. 20, l. 3.

It is probable that the future barbarism or civilization of the largest empire in the world depended upon the issue of the decisive battle of Pultava. Nine thousand two hundred and twenty-four Swedes were found dead on the field; and the prisoners, including those, who capitulated a few days afterwards, amounted to eighteen thousand seven hundred and forty-six. About two thou-

sand were all, who escaped, and fled with Charles across the Boristhenes. The Czar entertained his principal prisoners at his own table, and taking a glass of wine, drank to them by the flattering appellation of "his masters in the art of war."

And Sweden's fam'd Alcides conquer'd fell.

P. 20, l. 4.

This expression, of course, refers only to the defeat of Charles XII, who was not killed till Dec. 11, 1718, by a ball from the Danish batteries of Fredericstein. He lies buried in the church at Ritterholm, "the sacred storehouse of his predecessors, and guardian of their bones." His tomb is of dark marble, and over it are the *Herculean* attributes, *the club and lion's skin* cast in bronze.

*Would royal ransoms prodigally waste
In eager purchase of the bulbous prize.*

P. 20, l. 12, 13.

At Haerlem, when the passion for cultivating flowers was at its height, it was common for one *hyacinth* root to be sold at a price, enormous almost beyond credibility.

In plaintive syllables the fate bewails.

P. 20, l. 16.

"Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit, et ai, ai,

"Flos habet inscriptum; funestaque litera ducta est."

Ovid. Met. lib. x. 215, 216.

The bleeding Ajax, and Oebalian boy.

P. 20, l. 18.

..... "Rubefactaque sanguine tellus

"Purpureum viridi genuit de cespite florem,

"Qui prius Oebalio fuerat de vulnere natus.

"Litera communis mediis pueroque, viroque,

"Inscripta est foliis; hæc nominis, illa querelæ."

Ovid. Met. lib. xiii. 394—398.

Supreme in pow'r, and scarce in manhood's morn. P. 21, l. 6.

He was born at Moscow 30th of May, O. S. 1672; and set out upon his travels in April 1697.—“ C’était une chose inouïe dans l’histoire du monde, *qu’un Roi de vingt-cinq ans*^e qui abandonnait ses royaumes, pour mieux régner.” “ It would be injury to any of antiquity to name them with him. Who, but himself, ever left a throne to learn to sit in it with more grace? Who, ever thought himself mean in absolute power, till he had learned to use it?” Parallel between the Czar, and Louis XIV.^f

Content the low mechanick's lot to share. P. 21, l. 11.

Voltaire informs us, that, in the year 1697, the Czar enrolled himself amongst the carpenters of Saardam, from whom he was neither distinguished by his dress nor manner of living. The making of ropes; the forging of iron; the sawing of timber; in short, every thing, that related to the construction, rigging, or equipment of a ship, he not only examined with his own eyes, but actually performed with his own hands; and the only difference perhaps between him and his fellow-labourers was, that the artisan, who worked for his bread, was less diligent and laborious than the Monarch, who worked for his own instruction and that of his subjects. From Saardam, he proceeded to Amsterdam, where he combined the studies of Anatomy, Physick, Geography, &c. with his other occupations; and remained there till January 1698, when he visited England. Here he took up his abode at Deptford; and renewed his labours as a ship-carpenter; cultivating, at the same time, the Sciences of Dialling, Geometry, Astronomy, and the other branches of the Mathematicks under Fergusson, a very able instructor, who accompanied him back into Russia. During his residence in England, he received from William III. every possible mark of respect and attention; but that, which was the most acceptable to the illustrious mechanick, was a gift of the Royal Yacht, a magnificent vessel, in which the King himself was accustomed to cross over into Holland; and in which the Czar embarked, on his return, in May 1698.

^e Voltaire. Histoire de l'Empire de Russie sous Pierre le Grand. Part I. chap. 9.

^f Spectator, N° 139.

It really fills the mind with astonishment to contemplate the state of the Russian Navy at that, and at the present period. Who, but an apparently wild enthusiast, could have believed, when the Czar received that vessel as a present, which seemed almost inestimable to him in 1698; that at the end of only one succeeding century, an inheritor of his throne should have felt himself in a condition, not merely to return the compliment to a British Monarch; but to present him with a fifty-gun ship of his own, captured from the common enemy, in the Mediterranean, by the fleet of Russia!!! Such however is the fact: such has been the dignified conduct of the present Emperour; and that a Monarch, *such as he has shewn himself to be*, may continue to be the steady friend and ally of Great Britain, must surely be the wish of every Englishman, who loves his Country, and venerates Honour, Liberality, and Virtue.[§]

His youthful temples with the golden round.

P. 21, l. 16.

“ All that impedes thee from the *golden round*.”

Shakspeare's Macbeth, act i. scene 5.

May of some future Diocletian tell.

P. 23, l. 5.

The Roman Emperour, Diocletian, in the twenty-first year of a successful reign, solemnly relinquished the imperial Fasces, and spent the nine last years of

[§] The following extract, dated June 22, 1799, is copied from the London Gazette. “ The Emperour of Russia having, as a mark of friendship towards his Majesty, and of esteem and regard for his Majesty's Naval Service; and particularly towards the officers and crews of the ships who served on the first of August, 1798, under the command of Rear Admiral Lord Nelson; signified to his Majesty's minister at St. Petersburg, his desire that the *LEANDER of 50 Guns*, which, having been engaged in that action, was, after a most gallant and distinguished resistance, captured by a French ship of the line of 74 guns, and has since been recaptured from the Enemy by his Imperial Majesty's Arms, at the surrender of Corfu, should be presented to his Majesty, in his Imperial Majesty's name, with a view to its being restored to his Naval Service: the King has been pleased to accept with the highest satisfaction, this distinguished mark of attention and friendship on the part of his Ally; and has directed that the *LEANDER* should be received accordingly from such officer as the Emperour of Russia may direct to deliver the same; and should again be placed among the ships composing his Majesty's Fleet employed in the Mediterranean.”

his life in privacy and retirement, without once regretting the dignity he had abandoned. Aurelius Victor has recorded this celebrated answer of his, to those, who were importunately pressing him to resume the purple. "*Utinam Salonæ possetis visere olera nostris manibus instituta; profecto nunquam istud tentandum judicaretis.*"

Some future Charles within a convent's cell.

P. 23, l. 6.

The Emperour Charles V. after having resigned his vast dominions to his son Philip II. retired to the monastery of St. Justus, near Plazencia in Estremadura, where he ended his days in 1558.

Compos'd of perishable brass and stone.

P. 24, l. 4.

Although it was impossible for any human fabrick to render the great Legislator of Russia more illustrious, than his own labours had already made him; still, however, the mind, when filled with admiration and gratitude, derives so much pleasure from indulging in the "*His saltem accumulem donis,*" that we cannot wonder at any marks of respect, which have been paid to his memory by one, who made his publick virtues the constant objects of her study, and models of her practice. The late Empress Catharine II. has erected at St. Petersburg an equestrian statue of Peter the Great, of colossal magnitude; which will, at least, remain a glorious monument of that Princess herself, the munificent patroness of Arts and Literature; who, like her immortal Archetype, has performed prodigies for the benefit of her Empire. This celebrated statue in bronze is the work of Falconet. The figure of the Emperour is eleven, that of the horse seventeen feet in height. The pedestal is a single rock of reddish granite, which, according to geometrical computation, weighed 3,200,000 pounds; being considerably more than three times the weight of the great obelisk at Rome.^b It was discovered in the morass of Lachta in Karelia; and was transported to St. Petersburg

^b This Egyptian obelisk, which is the largest extant, of a single stone, was removed from Alexandria to Rome by Constantius, son of Constantine the Great. It weighs only 907,789 pounds, which falls short of one third of the weight of the rock at St. Petersburg by rather more than 158,877 pounds. Tooke's Life of the Empress Catharine II. Vol. II. p. 14, 3d edit.

over a space of about 41,250 English feet: when landed there, it was 42 feet long at the base, 36 at the top, 21 thick, and 17 high.ⁱ The whole expence of erecting this stupendous monument amounted to 424,610 roubles.^k

*And thou, ill-fated Prince, whom discord gave
An early victim to misfortune's grave.*

P. 24, l. 7, 8.

Peter III. succeeded to the throne on Christmas-day O. S. 1761; resigned it by an instrument dated 29th June 1762; and, on the following 6th July, those severe afflictions, which embittered the latter period of his existence, were terminated by death, in the 34th year of his age.

The trackless deserts of Siberian frost.

P. 24, l. 12.

Seventeen thousand wretched exiles are said to have been recalled by him from Siberia: but, in truth, humanity and forgiveness characterized the disposition of this unfortunate Emperour. He began his reign by a general amnesty, which extended even to those, who had formerly been his personal enemies; with the single exception perhaps of Bestucheff.

Thee coward cruelty in horrors dight, &c.

P. 24, l. 13—15.

Peter III. abolished the Secret Inquisition Chancery, a sanguinary tribunal, before which any person was liable to be carried upon mere suspicion, and cruelly tortured without the slightest proof. Who can reflect, for a single moment, upon the shocking miseries resulting from such a system of persecution, without extolling that Spirit of Justice, which annulled it? Who can live under a Government, which formerly exercised so dreadful an engine of oppression, without venerating the Monarch, who destroyed it? And yet, there are those, who, while they enjoy the blessings of his reign, blush not to revile his memory, and to load his character with insult!

ⁱ Coxe's Travels into Russia, Vol. I. 476.

^k Tooke's Life of the Empress Catharine II. Vol. III. p. 16, 3d edit.

While freedom's gratitude, and pity's tear. P. 24, l. 17.

He repealed the law, by which all the Russian Nobility were compelled to enter into the military service, or engage in civil functions; and restored to them the option of travelling abroad: indulgences, for which the immediate impulse of gratitude would have erected his statue in gold. He corrected also the abuses, which prevailed in the Courts of Judicature: nor were the Sciences, Arts, and Commerce, less the objects of his attention and encouragement. That there may have been Sovereigns, who have purchased the possession of a Throne, to which they had no previous pretensions, by equal benefits and concession, is *perhaps* true; but where shall we find a Prince, succeeding to absolute power by undisputed inheritance and universal consent, who has signalized himself by such *gratuitous* acts of Mercy, Justice, Liberality, and Protection, as that unfortunate Monarch performed within a reign of only six months?—"He was (in the words of a recent publication¹) a victim to the undesigning openness and integrity of his heart: a Prince, whose answer to the precautions, which were recommended to him by the King of Prussia, was, *I do good to all the world; and with that, what have I to fear?* a Prince, who was the benefactor of his country, and whose laws (those very laws, which were brought in accusation against him as crimes) have been religiously observed as models of wisdom and humanity, and without which, the reign of the Empress would have been less glorious, and her people less happy."

Thy mental guardian yielded up his breath. P. 30, l. 8.

The person here alluded to is Count Panin, Minister of State to the late Empress Catharine II. and Preceptor to the present Emperour, when Great Duke; in whose attachment, that able statesman found an effectual protection against the malice of his enemies. When they had succeeded in raising up her Majesty's displeasure against him, and "he imagined himself undone, his pupil had the generosity to oppose himself to the storm; and hastening to his mother, represented to her, that Panin had been always a faithful servant of the empire, and that it would be too cruel an act to dismiss him from the Court, at the very moment when he had the greatest right to expect substantial rewards. This pro-

¹ Eton's Survey of the Turkish Empire, p. 454.

cedure wrought a change in the mind of the Empress. Instead of retaining her resolution of sending an order to Panin to retire from the Court, she wrote to him a letter full of testimonies of affection; and thanking him for the care he had bestowed on the education of the Great Duke, she confirmed him in the appointment of minister of foreign affairs."^m—"Few princely families can shew an instance of greater tenderness of heart, than one, which we know of Paul Petrovitch: in Count Panin's last illness, the tears of the imperial youth incessantly flowed as he knelt by his bedside, and gratefully kissed the hand of his dying master. After his death, the sincerity of the Prince's grief was manifest to the few, who then had access to him."ⁿ

And thanks her injuries for a worthier Lord. P. 31, l. 12.

The island of Malta, which might probably have defied the attacks of the whole French navy, and seems invincible by every thing but a regular blockade, surrendered to the enemy, almost without the shadow of resistance: but such of the Knights, as have remained faithful to their oaths, and still feel that no earthly considerations, whether of fear, or reward, should stand in competition with a Soldier's Honour, have been most liberally received by the present Emperour of Russia, who has taken them under his protection, and condescends to execute the functions of Grand Master of the Order of Malta.

And while St. Vincent's Cape, &c. P. 32, l. 15—17.

These lines refer to the five great naval victories in the present war, which have raised the glory of the British Arms to a pitch, unexampled in the annals of maritime history.

1. That of June 1, 1794, under the command of the late Earl Howe, who was afterwards honoured with the Order of the Garter.
2. Of June 23, 1795, off Port L'Orient, under the command of Lord Bridport, K. B. who has since been advanced to a British Peerage.
3. Of Feb. 14, 1797, off Cape St. Vincent, under the command of Sir John Jervis, K. B. created an Earl by the title of St. Vincent.

^m Tooke's Life of the Empress Catharine II. Vol. II. p. 154, 3d edit.

ⁿ Ibid. p. 198.

4. Of October 11, 1797, off Camperdown, under the command of Admiral Duncan, created Viscount Duncan of Camperdown: upon whom HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY *had been graciously pleased to confer the Russian Order of St. Alexander Newski.*

5. Of August 1, 1798, in the Bay of Aboukir, under the command of Sir Horatio Nelson, K. B. created Lord Nelson of the Nile.

Who bless her bounty for the means they lost. P. 33, l. 4.

What a subject for the best, the most honourable feelings of national pride, has Great Britain furnished in the course of the present war! Her valour, high, as it has always been; unparalleled, as the whole series of her naval exploits has proved it in the present conflict; extorting, as it must have done, the applause even of her Enemies; was yet too familiar an object of contemplation to have excited surprise in any one. But when we behold her stretching out her hand to the suffering Rivals of her Power; receiving, supporting, cherishing as her own children, those, who had been born, nurtured, and confirmed in almost constitutional hatred of her Glory; we survey the picture with astonishment, and feel that this is indeed a Country, for Virtue to be proud of. The Author's official situation has enabled him to state, pretty accurately, what the National Munificence has, in various modes, contributed to the sustenance and comfort of the Emigrants. By publick contribution; by bills drawn upon the Treasury from abroad; and by issues made at different times by the Treasury for their relief in England, up to December 18, 1799, the Sum has amounted to £1,428,815, and a fraction: without including the expences incident to the Stadtholder's residence at Hampton-Court Palace, and a variety of others; which would make the Total of Publick Relief, exclusive of the thousand, and ten thousand different modes, in which private hospitality and benevolence have been exerted, considerably exceed *one million and an half!!!*

For that, the falchion from its scabbard leaps. P. 34, l. 18.

“ I thought ten thousand swords must have *leaped from their scabbards* to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.” Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France, Vol. III. of his Works, p. 111.

*E'en Gallick rapine stalking from afar,
With arm'd incursion had not forc'd the war.* P. 35, l. 9, 10.

..... ἐπεὶ ἔτι μοι αἵτιοί εἰσιν.
Οὐ γάρ πώ ποτ' ἐμὰς βῆς ἤλασαν, ἔδ' ἐ μὲν ἵππους,
Οὐδέ ποτ' ἐν Φθίῃ ἐριβώλακι, βωτιανείρῃ,
Κάρπον ἐδηλήσαντ'. Ὅμηρος Ἰλιάδ. βιβλ. Α. 153—156.

*For Nature in her map had kinder been,
Had kingdoms spread, and oceans roll'd between.* P. 35, l. 15, 16.

..... ἐπειὴ μάλα πολλὰ μεταξὺ
Οὐρεά τε σκίοεντα, θαλάσσαι τε ἠχέεσσα.
Ὅμηρος Ἰλιάδ. βιβλ. Α. 156, 157.

*Eager for constant spoil, on plunder feed,
And only live by making others bleed.* P. 36, l. 17, 18.

..... "Semperque recentes
"Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto."
Virgilii Æn. lib. vii. 748, 749.

Deriding sacred Heav'n, it flouts the sky. P. 37, l. 11.

"Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky."
Shakspeare's Macbeth, act i. scene ii.

For conquest on the sea's allotted wave. P. 37, l. 16.

"Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,
"Sed mihi sorte datum."
Virgilii Æn. lib. i. 142, 143.

Wept o'er her sons by worse than Vandals slain. P. 38, l. 13.

The pillage of Rome, A. D. 455, lasted fourteen days and nights; and whatever publick or private wealth had escaped the rapacity of the Gothick Conquerors, or had afterwards been accumulated by the pomp and luxury of the Italian Capital, was eagerly carried on board the ships of Genseric, King of the Vandals. French civilization, however (if the term be still admissible) enjoyed a most decided advantage over Barbarian ignorance; which contented itself with the spoil of Jewels, and Gold, and Silver, and was *not refined enough in the science of Plunder*, to encrease the catalogue by the richest monuments of the Arts of Sculpture and Painting.

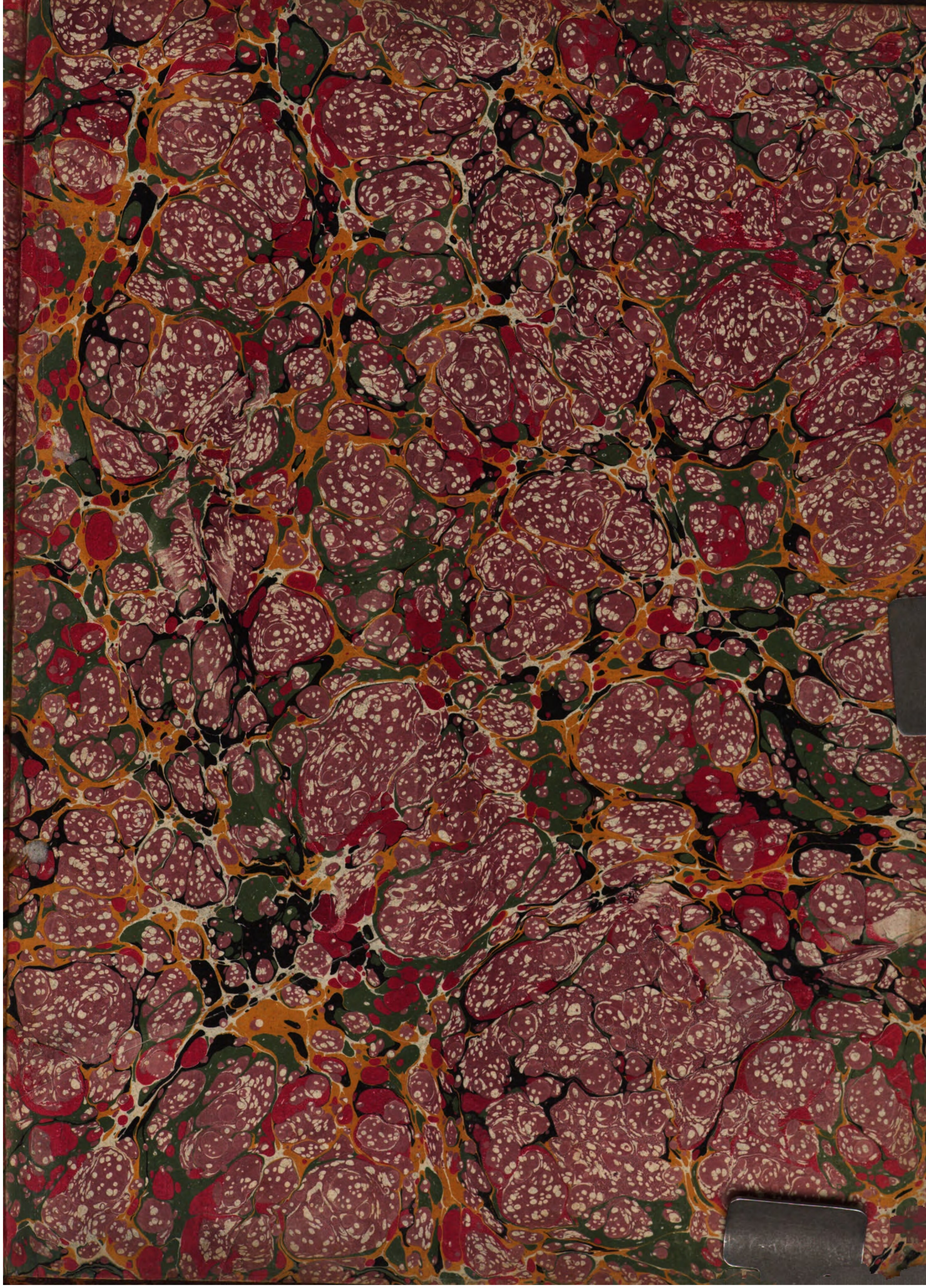
POSTSCRIPT.

THE foregoing Epistle was obviously written at the time when our confident hopes were placed upon the victorious Arms of the Emperour of Russia, which had delivered nearly the whole of the Italian States from the Tyranny of France, with a gallantry, that seemed irresistible, and might almost be compared, for the rapidity of its progress, with the march of Constantine, and the conquest of Italy by Julius Cæsar. The undertaking was as disinterested and magnanimous, as its efforts were successful and astonishing. The political horizon became illumined by the most brilliant expectation: when suddenly, the brightness of the prospect faded, and a species of gloomy regret has at once overshadowed the Continent of Europe. Let us

hope, however, that the obscurity will last only for a short interval; that the same cheering influence may once more return to animate the cause of Loyalty and Freedom; and that the final overthrow of the gigantick monster of Anarchy, is still reserved for the Sovereign, who, possessing the largest dominions in the World, wants only the accomplishment of that Labour, to make his Fame commensurate with the vastness of his Empire.

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The Sovereign addressed to His Imperial Majesty Paul Emperour of all the
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